

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



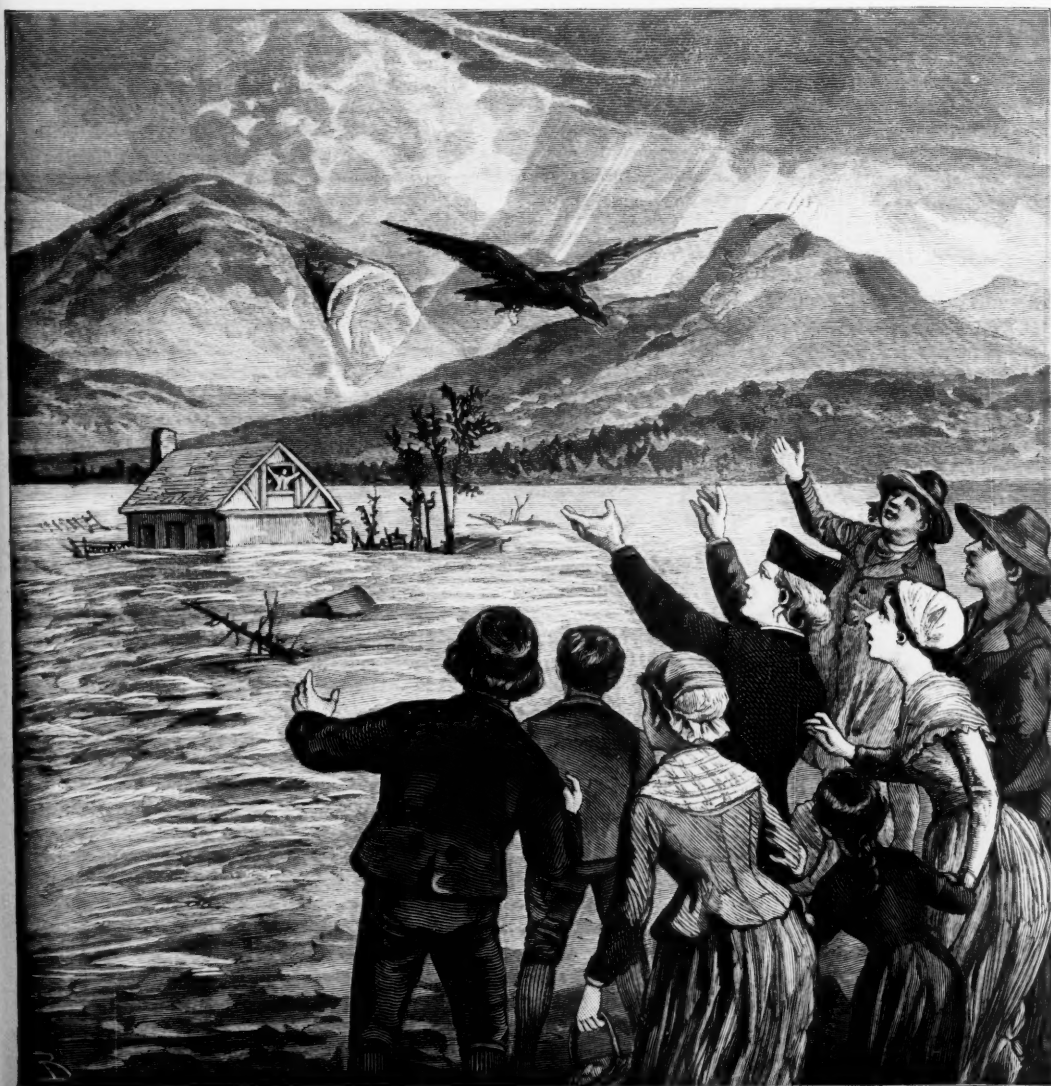
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 20.

Boston, September, 1887.

No. 4.



"A STIFLED CRY BROKE FROM THE GAZING CROWD AS THEY WATCHED ITS FLIGHT."

THE RAVEN'S MESSAGE.

BY DAVID KER.

"Pierre's late to-night," said a stout, sunburned woman, who was standing at the door of a log hut on a small, rocky islet in the middle of the Rhone. "I do hope nothing has happened to him; he's so terribly venturesome since he got a boat of his own."

"Pooh, pooh!" answered her husband. "He'll come back all right, never fear. It's only proper that my boy should be a ferryman like his father, and so he must learn to manage a boat. See, yonder he comes, rowing like any boatman!"

"But whatever has he brought with him?" cried Madame Lenoir, in amazement.

What, indeed? At first sight, the sturdy little twelve-year-old, who came skimming toward them across the broad, shining stream, appeared to be wearing a huge, black overcoat, torn almost in two. But a second glance showed the strange object to be a raven nearly as big as himself, which hung loosely over his shoulders, as if either dead or badly hurt.

"See what I've got, mother!" cried he, gleefully. "I found it in the wood yonder, with its wing broken. At first it snapped at me, and wouldn't let me touch it, but it's quiet enough now. Isn't it a big one?"

"Oh, you dreadful boy!" cried his mother. "What do you think we're going to do with a great, ugly thing like that about the house? And who's going to feed it, pray?"

"Why, mother, you know you always say that this house of ours on the island is just like an ark; and Noah had a raven in *his* ark that he used to send flying about, and why shouldn't *we*? Besides, we can teach him to carry messages for us, like that one that Father Gregoire told us about the other day."

"Well, there's something in that," said Jean Lenoir, laughing, "and as for feeding, a raven can pick up his own living any day; and besides, we have always plenty of odds and ends of fish. Bring him in, my boy, and we'll see what can be done with him."

The broken wing soon healed, and in a few months Pierre's raven (named "Christophér," in honor of the ferryman's patron saint) had become famous through the whole country-side. Many a bright silver franc did Pierre pick up at the village fairs by making the bird go through the tricks which he had taught it; and when once it had learned to carry messages, the people along the river gave it so many that the postman used often to threaten it jokingly with a summons before the magistrates for taking away his business.

Even Pierre's mother got reconciled to the "great, ugly thing" at last; more especially as the good priest of the parish, Father Gregoire, was very fond of it, and never came to see them without bringing something good in his pocket for "our friend Christophér."

Sometimes, indeed, as soon as the kind clergyman's black cassock and broad hat were seen on the opposite bank, little Pierre would point and call out, "*Food, Christophér!*" And the raven, shooting like an arrow across the river, would perch on the priest's shoulder and thrust his great, black bill into the old man's pocket in search of the food which he was always sure to find there.

So matters went till one night in the early spring, when Jean Lenoir, coming home tired after a hard day's work, paused for a moment, as he got out of his boat, to notice a strange, leaden dimness that overhung the hills along the eastern sky.

"It must be raining hard up in the mountains," said he to himself, and then thought no more about it.

But at daybreak next morning he was awakened from a dream of being at sea in a storm, which seemed strangely real even after he was broad awake. Doors were banging, windows rattling, timbers creaking and groaning, mingled with a roaring and dashing as if Niagara had been let loose close to his ear. Hardly knowing what he did, he sprang to the door and threw it open, and instantly started back as if he had been shot.

The water was within a foot of the door-sill!

Worse still, it was plainly rising higher every moment. The Rhone, swollen by the heavy rains and the sudden melting of the mountain snows, had burst its banks and come down in full flood, driven by such a gale as had not blown in those parts since the great storm ten years before. All sorts of things went whirling past upon the yellow foam—drowned sheep, hurdles, beams, boxes and uprooted trees, upon one of which crouched a poor little shivering dog, wailing piteously for the help that no one could give.

Jean's first thought was for his boat; but both it and the shed in which it was moored were gone as if they had never been. Sick at heart, he clambered up into the loft after his wife and son, just as the water came flooding in over the door-sill.

Meanwhile, an anxious crowd had gathered on the opposite bank, eager to help the imperiled family on the island. But how was this to be done? No boat could live in that boiling flood, and it seemed hopeless to think of getting a rope across.

The strongest man could not fling a stone so far. A kite would be instantly torn to shreds by the wind, and they had no means of sending across either an arrow or a bullet.

Poor Father Gregoire ran wildly from man to man, imploring them to save his friends, and meeting everywhere the same despairing shake of the head. And still the water rose higher, and higher, and higher.

Suddenly Pierre put his mouth close to his father's ear, and screamed with all his might through the deafening uproar:

"Father—Christophér!"

Catching his son's idea in a moment, the ferryman hastily rummaged out a roll of twine, one end of which Pierre fastened around the leg of his bird, which was, indeed, about to become in terrible earnest what they had often called it in jest, "the raven sent forth from the ark."

"*Food, Christophér!*" shouted the boy, pointing to the opposite shore; and instantly the raven outspread its broad, banner-like wings, and swooped forth into the storm, while a stifled cry broke from the gazing crowd as they watched its flight.

Twice all seemed lost, as poor Christopher was almost beaten down into the raging waters beneath; but the brave bird persevered, and catching a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, struggled across the space, and fell exhausted on the bank.

A stout farmer sprang forward to seize the string tied to the bird's leg, and instantly half a dozen eager hands were at work on the cord attaching to it. Communication was thus established with the island, and in less than half an hour the three Crusoes in the ferryman's hut were drawn safely ashore, just as the whole house fell crashing into the swollen river.

After this, the raven became a greater favorite than ever, and from that day every one called him "Christophe Le Courier" (Christopher the Messenger).—*From "Golden Days," Philadelphia.*

"WHY is it," said a husband to his wife, "that married women, as a rule, are such terrible gossips?" "*Because they find such attentive listeners in their husbands,*" replied the lady.

WHAT SINKS SHIPS.

SOME judge said, in a certain admiralty case, that *rum had sank more ships than all the winds that ever blew.* It may be said too that rum has blown up more steamboats than all the steam that has been made since it has been applied to navigation. Here is a fresh and startling instance: Most of our readers have read of the explosion of the Grand Trunk ferryboat, which happened near Quebec. Thirty or forty lives were lost in consequence. It now turns out, that at the time of the catastrophe, *the engineer was in a state of intoxication.*—*Manford's Magazine.*

A book agent called upon the Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, O., and not finding him, rang a bell close at hand. *It proved to be a fire alarm,* at the sound of which 600 well-trained pupils arose and filed out of the building. The agent quickly departed for "fields fresh."—*The Journal of Education.*

THREE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

Three sisters of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at New York were awakened to find the building on fire July 16th, with over two hundred children in peril. They got the children out without telling them the house was on fire. They chose three lads, each under fourteen, to help. Those boys sent thirty smaller boys down the fire-escapes, and the still younger they carried down, and it was all done without accident or panic. Another boy, John Hanley, unbidden, helped twenty-five small boys down an escape on the front of the building. The Sisters got fifty little girls out without accident, *and it was all done in less than ten minutes.*

TWO PICTURES OF WOMAN.

BY BURDETTE.

* * * "Through all the oratorio of history we hear the voices of women, whom no man could compel to silence. We hear the sorrowful notes of the song of Jephthah's daughter, mingling with the tender voice of Ruth, 'standing breast high amid the summer corn,'—tremulous with a woman's fear, but resolute with sublime purpose, comes the voice of Esther, carrying her life before the golden scepter for her people's sake; we hear Elizabeth speak with a loud voice and no man can silence her; women bring their little ones to the Saviour, in the face of his Disciples' rebuke, and He does not censure them for 'usurping authority over a man;' a woman washes his feet with her tears, Joanna, Mary, Susanna, and many others 'minister to him out of their substance,' woman lingered near the cross when all men forsook him.—Why then, be proud that you are a woman." * * * "True, she can not sharpen a pencil, and, outside of commercial circles she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin! *She can not walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat, and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby.* She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking car to rest (*and get away from the children*). She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping and have a good time with three or four friends *without drinking a keg of beer.* She can enjoy an evening visit *without smoking half-a-dozen cigars.* She can endure the distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband sends them all to bed before he has been home an hour. *Every day she endures the torture of a dress that would make an athlete swoon.* She possibly can not walk five hundred miles around a tan bark track in six days for five thousand dollars, but she can walk two hundred miles in ten hours up and down the crowded aisles of a dry goods store when there is a reduction sale on. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a fellow with a cousin is to be envied, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, *and a man with a good wife is thrice blessed more than they all.*"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—A Scotch and an Irish officer walking through a street of Liverpool chanced to see a very pretty girl behind the counter of one of the shops. The Irishman at once proposed to go in and purchase something in order to get a better view of the beauty, but the Scotchman characteristically exclaimed, "Na, na, there's nae use wasting skillers; lat's gang in and ax twa saxpences for a shillin'."



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy, — how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band." Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

"LOYAL LEGIONS."

Each "Loyal Legion" in the United States can organize its members — or as many as care to join — as a "Band of Mercy" and branch of our "Parent American Band of Mercy," from which have been formed already over five thousand and seven hundred branches in the United States, with probably over 400,000 members, by simply sending to me their signatures, either signed, or authorized to be signed to this pledge:

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage. [When preferred, the word *harmless* can be crossed out.]

Also the name of the "Band" and of its President. If the Band numbers thirty or more, it will receive without charge, sent to its President's P. O. address:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of the "Loyal Legions" may be Presidents of the "Bands of Mercy," and the name may be "Loyal Legion Band of Mercy," or other name, as preferred.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy,

19 Milk Street, Boston.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

Let us try an experiment. Here is a boy, who has never used tobacco.

"Charley, will you help us to try an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it into your mouth and chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into the spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done of that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop of it, he will lie there on the platform in a cold, deathlike perspiration. Put your finger upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if not very careful you will kill the calf too.

These experiments show that tobacco in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin at the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare one) which, taken into the mouth of that ten year old boy, and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.

DIO LEWIS.

When is a boy like a tenant? When he rents his trousers.

A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson, driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day — "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them — that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the Principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you — was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience. — *The Children's Own.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1887.

FROM THE PRESS.

Inasmuch as we offer to every "Loyal Legion" and "Band of Hope" in the United States which shall form a "Band of Mercy," together with all other humane literature specified in another column, a copy of this paper for one year, and inasmuch as many of the thousands of juvenile temperance organizations in the United States are not as yet familiar with it, we think it well to publish a few of the kind words recently received from the press in various parts of the country. If we should undertake to publish all we should fill a large part of our columns. For all we publish, and all we cannot, because it would require too much space, we wish to return the kindest thanks of "Our Dumb Animals."

(1) "Our Dumb Animals" is always a welcome guest to our editorial table."—Bangor Daily Commercial.

(2) "An attractive sheet—should be in every household."—Augusta Age.

(3) "An illustrated and attractive monthly."—Springfield Republican.

(4) "Admirable publication."—Burlington Hawkeye.

(5) "A monthly of best class home reading. We count it among the best that come to our table."—Manford's Magazine, Chicago.

(6) "Full of good reading and deserves a wide circulation."—Atchison (Kansas) Daily Patriot.

(7) "A healthy publication."—Free Methodist, Chicago.

(8) "Illustrated publication of high degree of merit."—The Hatchet, Washington, D.C.

(9) "A valuable monthly."—Jewish Times, San Francisco.

(10) "A worthy cause and a worthy exponent."—Ohio Lutheran Evangelist.

(11) "A beautiful paper."—Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Georgia.

(12) "An extremely entertaining and instructive monthly."—Omaha Excelsior.

(13) "A racy illustrated monthly, interesting and useful."—Sunday-School Teacher, Philadelphia.

(14) "Our Dumb Animals should be read by every stock breeder and farmer in America."—Western Agriculturist.

(15) "A wide distribution cannot fail to work a world of practical service. The illustrations are plentiful and the reading matter irresistibly effective."—Massachusetts Ploughman.

(16) "Our Dumb Animals is full of interest to young people."—New England Farmer.

(17) "Its attractive pictures catch the eye and its short pathetic stories touch the hearts

of readers, young and old."—Zion's Herald, Boston.

(18) "A bright monthly, handsomely illustrated."—Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tennessee.

(19) "Excellent monthly, always readable, and its anecdotes and stories always point a wholesome moral."—Boston Times.

(20) "It is a pleasure to call attention to Our Dumb Animals. It is suitable for children and adults, the home and the Sunday-School, and deserves hearty support."—The Beacon, Boston.

(21) "Full of entertaining reading."—Boston Pilot.

(22) "One of the most interesting papers for family reading that comes to us."—Peabody Reporter.

(23) "Readable and entertaining paper."—Holliston Transcript.

(24) "It would be well if this welcome visitor to our table was read in all homes."—Bostonian.

(25) "No Journal more cleverly conducted ever pleaded a worthy cause."—Lyceum, Washington, D. C.

(26) "Our Dumb Animals. This delightful little monthly which has done and is doing such noble work in behalf of our dumb friends is worthy of all praise and deserves the widest possible constituency of readers. It should find a place in every reading-room and every home in the country, for it will prove a most potent Educator."—Boston Budget.

The editor of this paper can have no higher reward for the time and labor he is glad to give gratuitously to "Our Dumb Animals" than the thought of the good it is accomplishing, as indicated by the above kind expressions. GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOLDEN DAYS.

The beautiful cut on first page, and the story, are kindly loaned us by *Golden Days*, Philadelphia.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS IN HOTELS AND STEAMERS.

We cannot express too warmly our pleasure at the kind letters we have received from our leading sea-shore and mountain hotels and steamers, welcoming to their reading and parlor tables the beautifully bound volumes of our paper we have recently been sending them. No one can estimate the good that may come from this distribution. And on the principle that he who sows most liberally will reap the most bountiful harvest, we believe that gifts to our Society from those who read them will not only pay the cost, but give us larger sums for increased usefulness.

CALIFORNIA.

The California Humane Society report \$17,792.95 in the treasury. Jacob Davis, President, Nathaniel Hunter, Secretary.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS EXPLAIN THEMSELVES.

National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Headquarters 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

CHICAGO, August 9th, 1887.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir,—At a recent meeting of the General Officers of our Association it was unanimously agreed to invite you to attend our next National Convention to be held at Nashville, Tenn., November 16th to the 21st. We should be happy to extend to you the courtesies of the Convention, and would be glad to hear you upon your work.

Sincerely yours,

CAROLINE B. BUELL,

Corresponding Secretary.

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

BOSTON, August 12th, 1887.

MRS. CAROLINE B. BUELL,

Corresponding Secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Dear Madam,—Please present to the General Officers of the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union" my thanks for their kind invitation to attend and address their National Convention at Nashville, Tennessee, and say to them that while I have deemed it a duty to recently decline the invitations of three other National Societies to attend their annual Conventions, I cannot decline yours, and, Providence permitting, shall deem it a duty and a privilege to present to your great and powerful organization the claims of those that cannot speak.

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of The Parent American Band of Mercy.

NEW MEXICO.

We are glad to say that Divine Providence seems to be opening the door to carry Humane Education and our Societies P. C. A. into New Mexico. A warm-hearted, influential lady, prominent in good work, Mrs. Ada Morley Jarrett of Socorro County, has begun by forming her own household, including children and hired help, into a "Band of Mercy," and now she kindly offers to write clergymen and teachers through the territory with whom she is acquainted, and send us a list of those likely to take interest in the subject to whom we can forward our various humane publications. With the aid of our *Missionary Fund* we hope to reach *New Mexico*, and perhaps in the not distant future, *Old Mexico* as well.

BANDS OF MERCY.

The branches of our "Massachusetts Parent Band of Mercy" now number in the United States and Canada, 5,736.

FINED \$150 FOR DOCKING THE TAILS
OF THREE HORSES.

On complaint of our agents, James Anderson of Springfield, and William Manchester of North Adams, Henry Pellow has been arrested, tried, convicted and fined \$150 for docking the tails of three horses at Williamstown and North Adams. He operated upon these horses at the request of their owners, who, to imitate a fashion cruel and barbarous, and in violation of the law of Massachusetts, were willing to subject their valuable horses to the great suffering of this operation, and to suffering through life by being deprived of the only protection God has given them against the troublesome insects that will every summer constantly annoy them. We shall be glad to prosecute every similar case in Massachusetts that comes to our knowledge, and ask our readers to send us evidence whenever they can, and ask other papers in the State and elsewhere to republish this article.

BULL FIGHTING AT NIGHT IN MEXICO.

The novelty of a bull fight by electric light recently drew an immense crowd to the Colon Plaza in the city of Mexico. Among the spectators were *President Diaz* and several members of his cabinet. The arena was brilliantly lighted by ten electric lights, and the gaudy uniforms of the matadors fairly blazed. The door of the bull pen was thrown open and the first bull made a frantic rush at the picadors, and in a minute was master of the arena, having killed one horse and gored two others. One matador and a picador were laid out, though not killed. The fighters became very timid and plied the sword from the side, being afraid to face the animal as is usual. Of five bulls, every one was desperate in the blazing light, and horses and fighters were rolled over and tossed in a terrible manner. One swordsman attempted to kill the bull as he charged, and was caught on the horns and tossed out of the arena almost lifeless. The result of the fight was four horses killed; several torn and crippled; two matadors nearly killed, and several picadors disabled. The dazzling light seems to make the animals wild.

This was the kind of amusement they attempted to introduce into New Orleans during the international exposition winter of 1884-5, and for which buildings were erected and grounds prepared adjoining the exposition, and the bulls and bull fighters ready to begin. We shall always remember with pleasure how promptly the best papers of New Orleans responded to our protest, and how the Governor of Louisiana prohibited the exhibition and sent back the bulls and bull fighters to Mexico.

Mexico greatly needs Humane Societies, "Bands of Mercy," and humane education.

Give us a Missionary Fund large enough, and we will undertake to establish all these things in Mexico. It can be done. It is only a question of money. The cost of a single church in Boston would go far towards doing it.

DANIEL L. WIGHTMAN, OF CLEVELAND.
OHIO.

We regret to learn of the death of this estimable gentleman and earnest worker in our humane cause—a very serious loss to the Cleveland society.

NEW ORLEANS.

We are glad to know by letter from Mrs. Schaffter of the New Orleans *Picayune*, that money has been raised for the purpose, and several fountains for animals are being erected in that city.

Mrs. Schaffter is doing a grand work in New Orleans, addressing schools and founding "Bands of Mercy."

THE AUGUST ANIMAL WORLD. LONDON.

Has very fine cuts of the queen in 1887, and as Princess Victoria in 1835; also others of the queen and royal princesses, with a full account of her reception on July 4th, of the delegates from various Societies P. C. A., and from the "Bands of Mercy," and her presentation of some eight hundred prizes to children in the London schools who had written the best compositions on kindness to animals. The reception and presentation were in the Royal Albert Hall, upwards of 7000 persons being present. Among the delegates, we notice from the United States: *Augusta, Me., G. W. Martin, M. D.; Bangor, Me., Hon. Senator Hale; Cincinnati, Ohio, President Dr. John D. Jones; Kansas, Hon. F. Collins; Newark, N. J., Hon. W. W. Phelps and Hon. Senator J. R. McPherson; Paterson, N. J., President H. Romaine, Esq.; Portsmouth, N. H., G. E. Kent, Esq.; Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. M. Farrar; Savannah, Ga., J. M. Barnard, Esq.; Washington, D. C., Mrs. A. L. Barber.*

Mrs. Lily Lord Tiffet, of Buffalo, and other influential ladies of that city are making an effort to have two vacancies in Trustees of State Insane Asylum filled by women. Out of 398 patients 210 are women, and if Governor Hill is the man we think, he will follow the example of Massachusetts and other States and appoint two of the best women of his State.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In August O. D. A. we gave the name of the police officer whom we saw opposite the Fitchburg depot, July 1st, thermometer 95 degrees in the shade, working in the full glare of the sun, with sponge and a pail of water over two exhausted horses, as *Elias Kingsbury*. We are informed that it was *Elias Kingsley*. Printers, reporters and editors make mistakes, but we don't believe the recording angel that writes down our good deeds and bad ever blunders.

MRS. CAROLINE B. BUELL.

Corresponding Secretary of the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union," in a letter recently received, writes as follows:—"I have always been greatly interested in the object for which your Society is organized. A lover of horses and a driver of them for years, I have learned that kindness can accomplish more than abuse—a lover of children and a teacher of them for years, I know that if their kindly instincts towards the lower animals are developed they make better boys and girls, and better men and women."

GOLD can buy pretty nearly everything in this world except that which a man most wants—viz., happiness.

GOOD FOR SUPERINTENDENT LAWLER.

Superintendent Lawler, of the Reading, Pa., Railroad, has issued a notice to all employees of the Schuylkill division, that they must abstain from intoxicants whether on duty or not. Any man reported to him as having been seen taking a drink of liquor or beer will be summarily dismissed from the service of the company. He says "there is no business that needs level-headed men more than railroadings, both for the safety of the employees and the traveling public."

HOW A KIND HORSE WAS FRIGHTENED.

A few days ago we took a drive in a town near Boston with one of the best broken and kindest horses of the town, but he wore blinders. Suddenly, a gentleman on horseback came up behind on the gallop. Before we noticed him our horse heard the clatter, and, frightened at what he probably supposed a runaway, made a tremendous leap, and tried to run. We stopped him, but if, in his sudden leap, anything had broken there would probably have been a smash-up, with serious consequences. This leads us to ask, is it not about time to abolish blinders? They were first invented or adopted by an English nobleman to cover a defect in the eye of a valuable horse, then were found convenient to put on the coats of arms of the nobility, and so came into fashion. In Russia, where they are never used, a shying horse is almost unknown. No one would think of using them on a saddle horse, and on artillery and fire engine horses they are rarely, if ever, used. We are glad to say that, as the result of our educational work, thousands of horses are now driven in Boston without blinders, and are able to know when their drivers are ready to start, and to see the cause of noises which frighten them, and so, many accidents are prevented, and, perhaps, lives saved.

We know a young lady who, when a child, lived with her aged grandmother, who always, because she had no teeth, soaked her bread and butter in her tea. The child adopted the same custom, and, to this day, always soaks her bread and butter in her tea because her grandmother had no teeth.

Is it not quite as foolish and more harmful and dangerous to cover up our horses' beautiful eyes with blinders because an English nobleman tried in this way to hide a defect in his horse's eye a hundred years ago?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION.

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born near Rochester, N. Y., but spent the greater part of her childhood on a Wisconsin farm. She gave early promise of her future literary attainments, and at the age of sixteen took a prize from the Illinois Agricultural Society for an essay on "Country Homes." Some three years later she entered the Women's College at Evanston, Ill., where she not only graduated with high honors,

but was called after graduation to the chair of natural science. From this she was called to various educational positions of importance, and her career as a teacher was brilliant. She has been an inspiration to over two thousand pupils. At the high tide of her intellectual life the W. C. T. U., an outcome of the despised temperance crusades, invited her to give up all her flattering prospects, and identify herself with their feeble and unpopular cause. And into the work of saving men from drunkards' graves, she threw herself with all the intensity of her nature. Her money, her time, her fine culture, her strength, her heart, her soul—all were consecrated—nothing was kept back. In 1868 Miss Willard went abroad. During the three years of her absence she visited nearly every European country, the Holy Land, the pyramids—studied a year at the College de France and the Petit Sorbonne, attended the lectures of such men as Guizot—studied in Berlin and Rome, and amid the multiplicity of her duties found time to write for all the most eminent periodicals, to every one of which at one time or another she has been a valued contributor. The work she has personally accomplished during the last ten years is miraculous. She has sometimes kept ten secretaries at work. Some years she has traveled 30,000 miles, writing on the cars nearly all her speeches and articles for the press. She has visited every town in the United States of 10,000 population, and many with only 5,000, organizing branches of the W. C. T. U. For ten years she has delivered on an average a speech a day.—*Christian Union*.

A GLEAM OF SUN-SHINE—THAT BABY.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked about in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then, as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned, but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said: "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back, she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time, business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls, and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chuckled the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he in playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where baby got off, and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. *The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.* Business men had forgotten for awhile their schemes for the day, the girls had omitted to follow up their train of thoughts about that new dress or the skating rink, and the young fellows had left off thoughts of base-ball, and looked into the future when they would call a sweet girl of their acquaintance "wife," and perhaps have just such a little piece of sunshine playing on their knee. Everybody was better for the presence of that baby, and its happy face was pictured in many thoughts that day as men pored over columns of figures or talked abstractedly of stocks and securities.—*Newport News*.

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

has written a very beautiful, thoughtful and truthful article which appears in "*Harper's Bazaar*" of July 30. The following taken from it will be read by thousands of our readers with pleasure:—

A child brought up without the knowledge of pet animals is a solitary being, no matter if there be brothers and sisters, while a child who has animals to tend is never quite alone. A dog is of itself a liberal education, with its example of fidelity, unwearied activity, cheerful sympathy, and love stronger than death; nay, love that is triumphant over shame and ignominy and sin—influences that so often wear out human love or make it change to hate. *How many of us hold to our friends with a love as inexhaustible and inextinguishable as that which our dog gives to us?* The child especially finds in the faithful creature much of its own impulsive and ardent life; the delight in little things, the ready curiosity, the ceaseless activity, the quick changes of occupation, the unabated interest in existence. Kittens, again, seem sent to give a child just what the dog leaves out; the more refined ways, the soft playfulness, the gentle domesticity, the willingness to be tended and petted. Kittens about the house supply the smaller punctuation in the book of life; their little frisks and leaps and pats are the commas and semicolons and dashes, while the big dog puts in the colons and the periods.

Animals, again, give to us, even by what they receive and evoke from us, the habit of care and tenderness. Those petted dogs we see carried in the arms of young girls in fashionable equipages are rarely a substitute for the natural object of such emotion, *they are rather a preparation or intermediate possession that precedes it; something that is more than a doll and less than a human child.* Mr. Carnegie tells us that he saw at a large New York stable a card nailed up giving for the coachman the address of the proper physician to be called upon if the favorite dog should be ill. He also tells us of a young lady who, having to go on a journey, had to leave her favorite collie to some one's special attention, and Mr. Carnegie suggested *that as he had given her the dog, it might be perfectly*

safe to leave her with him, "or rather with Jack and the horses." With a grave shake of the head, she answered, "I have thought of that; but it won't do; he requires a woman's care." Here the woman and the favorite met on equal terms; neither could do without the other. The care given by the young girl was simply the anticipated tenderness of a mother for her child.

The self-control that must be learned in dealing with animals is in itself an education. One of the child's first lessons in governing its impulses is when it finds that the kitten cannot be caught by running and shouting, but by quiet and measured approaches. *The control of animals, from the lamb to the lion, is not a matter of force, but of gentleness and a steady eye. Impulses that seem the very strongest in animals, as the disposition of dogs to chase cats or birds, can be better overcome by accustoming them very early to the sight and touch of these weaker creatures than by any blows.* All this is a lesson to the child, and it unconsciously learns the application to itself. In days when oxen were employed largely on our farms it used to be a common thing at a "cattle show" to see some sunburnt farmer's boy drive in a yoke of half-grown steers, and win the admiration of all the men by the gentle skill with which he handled them. On a farm near my summer home there is a fine bull, which is better controlled and led by a boy of thirteen than by anybody else. There surely is, as Heine says, an occult sympathy between children and animals, as between two races not sundered very long ago. *Who can study the face of a fine dog, and watch its play of expression, its excitement under sympathy, its ready disappointment, its visible struggle between some sore temptation and the sense of duty, its tender loyalty, its look of comfortable peace on being petted, without being reminded of some of childhood's sweetest qualities?* It is one of our most agreeable associations with Martin Luther that when writing his treatise on the Resurrection he looked down upon his impatient little dog, and promised him that he also should rise again at the Great Day.

DOGS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Just now the New York Board of Health is concerned with providing relief for hospital patients who are distressed by dogs howling at night. The dog pound, where hundreds of waifs and strays and stolen dogs are huddled, pending consignment to death in the flood of the East River, is between two hospitals in close proximity. The hospital physicians say that most of their patients are superstitious, and the continuous howling of the dogs has a decidedly injurious effect on them. Aside from this, the racket is most trying to the nerves, and the piteous wailing of a cage full of dogs as they are run down to the river to drown, is enough to drive a sick man frantic. It is proposed to remove the pound to a distant wharf. *While they are about it, the authorities might, with great credit to themselves, devise some more humane system of destruction than the crate drowning.*—*Forest and Stream*.

Little Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder was a lamb that came bleating at the door the evening of her arrival. "Oh, Aunt Hattie," she cried running in-doors, "there's a live sheep here that can talk as plain as any thing; do come out and hear it say 'Ma.'"

BEFORE marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"—*Journal of Education*.

MUSIC-LOVING.

You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes managed to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still and began whistling to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and as I watched him, it actually seemed as though he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he never came back any more."

Now that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him, and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely if I am a girl. — *St. Nicholas*.

THE BOY AS AN ESCORT.

It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend, as it were, on the boy as an escort. Let him help her in and out of the car. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as escort of mother or sister. Teach him to lift his hat when meeting a woman with whom he or his family are acquainted, without regard to race, color or position, for a true gentleman will lift his hat as readily to the woman at the fruit stand with whom he has a speaking acquaintance as he will to the highest in the land. He cares not for her position, it is enough for him that she is a woman. Teach him also to lift his hat when passing a gentleman acquaintance with whom there is a lady, although the latter be a stranger to him.

All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy cannot become one if proper attention is paid to his training. If his mind is turned into this channel when young, there will be a great deal he will learn of his own accord by observation. — *Boston Budget*.



GOOD FRIENDS!

NEITHER WOULD HURT THE OTHER FOR \$100.

A GOOD WISH GRATIFIED.

Five little girls were spending a pleasant evening together and fell to discussing what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful palace with nothing to do but act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

"Oh! I wish I was very, very pretty so that people would look at me and say, she's the prettiest girl I ever saw!" exclaimed Ella Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Margie Wilkins. "Your turn now Katie, what do you wish for?" asked Margie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wish to be good—so good," she said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Oatis.

"Why Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you did not come," said Margie, drawing Katie's hand in her own.

"And we each wished we were like you, because everybody loves you so," said Susie.

Katie actually cried for joy to think her wish had so soon been granted.

"Oh! girls, let's make a good wish next time and maybe it will be gratified," said Dora; to which they all agreed.

Now, it is in the power of every child to be good—so good that they will be missed and wished for when absent. Don't you think it much wiser to desire what is possible than to make life disagreeable by wishing for what is impossible?

— *BESSIE M. LACKEY, in Southern Cultivator.*

If mercy were not mingled with His power,
This wretched world could not subsist one hour.

— *DAVENANT.*

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens
down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the
night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think:

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

— *PHEBE CARY.*

FROM SUMMER PICTURES.

BY ELIZA N. LORD, in the *Journal of Education*.

'Tis sunset, and a party are looking down on Lake Lucerne for the first time. Lucerne,—that lake which the imagination had so often tried but failed to picture. Suddenly they see a mountain goat up the rocky prominence on the right. He leaps from rock to rock, now stopping to shake his head as demurely as if he were not capable of a single sudden freak, now plucking a mouthful of leaves, only to be off again on those sudden, unaccountable jumps.

What wild-cap purpose seizes him? Can he reach that narrow shelf of rock far above him? Gaining unseen footholds, he leaps to right and left. — and look! he has now gained the summit. Here he careers wildly about for a few moments, stops, and with the next bound has passed beyond sight. Ah! mountain goat, desultory and capricious indeed!

A traveller takes a boat up a broad and smoothly-flowing river. He sails between broad meadows, where blue mountain-tops are far in the distance. Soon the river seems to be flowing more swiftly, the meadows have grown narrower. Here and there a smaller river empties into that. He takes a little boat and enters a small stream, but is attracted by the little brooks that run into the river. One he determines to follow. For half a mile it had meandered through the meadow and come from the hill above. Up through the woods the traveller pushes his way, finding now a delicate spray of water as the brooklet falls among the rocks, now seeing it flow lazily on mid-banks of moss and ferns. At last he reaches a roadside water-tub. Under giant maples and an oak, a little spring bubbles up, and, filling the tub, runs across the road,—the little brooklet up which he came.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WHAT OUR THOR DOES.

A TRUE STORY TO BE READ TO CHILDREN.

Our Thor is a very large, white spaniel, with brown spots, long curly ears, and eyes the color of amber, and this is what he does: He gives one paw, then the other, then lies down and gives a back paw, and this he will do if you ask him in *English, French or Greek*, for he is now a very learned dog. If you hold a little piece of cake close to his nose and say, "*On trust, Thor!*" he will not touch it but waits until you say "*Paid for,*" when the cake disappears very quickly. If you say "go look out of the window," he jumps into a chair and looks out into the street. When his master says "Ring!" he trots into the dining room and placing his big paw on the bell in the floor rings it. If his master asks him "Do you want to go for a walk?" he wags his tail and is much excited. "Then if you do go and kiss your mistress," and off rushes Thor, so wild at the prospect of a walk that he sometimes just puts out his tongue and pretends to kiss his mistress before he is near enough to reach her, and then turns and races off after his master. When he comes home his master says, as they reach the door, "Wipe your feet!" and first one paw and then the other is rubbed on the door-mat. There are several games which he is very fond of playing. One is ball. He owns several rubber and leather balls, and some one will cover up his eyes while another hides the ball and then says "Go—find?" Then comes such a scramble and such excitement! Sometimes the ball is hidden up on the drop light of the gas fixture, sometimes carefully tucked up the leg of his master's trousers, then hidden under the sofa-pillow or behind the door; but wherever it is hidden he finds it. But the game of "surprise" is dearer to him. That is played after supper, when he is told to "go into the study and sit down," and then a piece of bread is hidden, and some one calls "surprise?" and he comes rushing in wildly to find it. But perhaps the funniest trick is his "Oration." His master says "Now, Thor, make your Fourth of July oration!" and he sits up on his hind legs and waves first one paw and then the other in the air and growls and twitches his head, and finally beats the floor with his tail, as if he were applauding his own eloquence. Sometime ago his master wondered how many words Thor really understood and so a list was made out. There were almost fifty sentences he understood. He has a large circle of friends and has received many presents, Christmas carols, valentines, original poems, and a Greek letter from a professor belonging to a not-far-distant college! Some people say that dogs cannot reason, but I must tell you just one more story of Thor and then I think you will agree with me that he, at any rate, can "put two and two together." One winter his mistress used to go out almost every afternoon at four o'clock and take Thor with her. It was a very snowy season and she always put on her arctic gaiters before going out. One day, however, a friend came to call and stayed after four. Thor is very social and fond of callers but when his hour for going out came and the caller stayed and his mistress stayed, too, he began to puzzle his dog brain how he could hurry the gentleman, and make him leave. At last an idea came to him. He got up and walked deliberately to the hat closet. The door was not quite shut so he poked it open with his nose and then selected a pair of his master's arctic gaiters. With these in his mouth he gravely walked back and laid them at the caller's feet, and then, drawing back, sat down, and fixing his eyes on the gentleman's face, waited to see the result of his trick. "That is a hint for me to go," said the gentleman, and laughing heartily he went away, and Thor had his walk.

And now I cannot do better than end this account of this good dog with the remark that one of his friends made of him, "*Thor is one of the dogs that I am proud to call my friends.*"

M. C. W.

The male wasp never stings. But so long as he and his sister are twins and dress exactly alike, this bit of knowledge availeth not.

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE.

HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question everyone asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once, it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below. — *St. Nicholas.*

THE SAND-PIPER.

ACROSS the narrow brook we flit,
One little sand-piper and I;

And fast I gather, bit by bit.

The scattered drift-wood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,

The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit.

One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds

Scud black and swift across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds

Stand out the white light-houses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach

I see the close-reefed vessels fly,

As fast we flit along the beach.

One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,

Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;

He starts not at my fitful song.

Or flash of fluttering drapery;

He has no thought of any wrong.

He scans me with a fearless eye.

Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,

The little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night

When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My drift-wood will burn so bright!

To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth

The tempest rushes through the sky;

For are we not God's children both,

Thou little sand-piper and I?

— *Celia Thaxter.*

READ THIS

and then send \$100 to our Society to help us take care of the old horses of *Massachusetts*, and another \$100 to *Our Missionary Fund* to help us take care of the old horses outside the State, and then remember both objects in your will.

AN OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

I'M a poor gray horse whom *somebody* owns,
That I'm sadly neglected you will see by my bones;

I wish some one would buy me — I wish I were sold

To a man with a heart, for I am feeble and old.

Every fifth day of the week I come to the mart,
And stand tethered and tied to my dirty old cart;
While my master, in ease at the public-house table,

Denies me shelter, and food and stable.

I'm possessed of some virtues which in him you'll not find;

I am docile and patient. I am gentle and kind;
My acts are instinctive—his the proof of a mind;

But if I've no reason, his is certainly blind.

I know 'tis his haste to accumulate pelf,
I know 'tis the thought of his miserable self,
I know 'tis his love and grasp after greed
That makes him forget he's a Christian in creed.

I am tied out with no shelter for hours together,
No matter the wind, no matter the weather;
You may judge how I suffer, think of my pain,
For I am cold, I am sodden, I'm dripping with rain.

Sometimes in the snow, some times in the sleet;
You see me uncared for, exposed in the street
Without water to drink, without morsel to eat.

I stand close to the hall where the magistrates meet.

I am equally close to the justices' seat;
But because I've no wound on my body or head,
I may stand till I'm stunned, I may stand till I'm dead.

O friends of humanity!—friends of the brute!
Bestow on me pity. Though by nature I'm mute,

*I'm a creature of God — deny it who can—
And have feelings as keen and as strong as a man.*

HOW HORSES REST.

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer, recently, "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though, if kept in pasture, they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a damp earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture.

"If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting on his feet, he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed, and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position, the joint surfaces are forced continuously to bear a weight varying from one thousand to eighteen hundred pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs, which nature intended should have periods of rest each day."—*Golden Days.*

EVERY day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.—*Lavater.*

FUNNY.

The Boston *Transcript* tells of a little girl in that city who wandered away from home and into a neighbor's house. And how her mother told a large Newfoundland dog, which was in the habit of playing with her, to go and find her. The dog obeyed, ran to the neighbor's house and when some ladies went in, in the words of our Boston friend, "rushed up to Nellie, seized her dress with his teeth and began dragging her to the door. An attempt was made to drag him off, but he growled and held his place. The little girl, beginning to be frightened, gave up all resistance and trotted home by his side, and he delivered her with an air of triumph into her mother's hands."

We cannot understand why our contemporary at Boston should not tell the whole story. Modesty must probably, however, be the real cause. The facts are that this large, intelligent dog, when he arrived at the house, after glancing up at the number and throwing away his cigar, rang the door-bell and to the lady who responded, said: "Madam, I believe there's a little girl here whom I want." "I guess not," replied the woman, "and unless you go away I shall call the police." "That's all right," continued the intelligent Boston dog, as he brushed past her into the room, "but this is the girl I want and she must come right along with me." She accordingly trotted away with him and he soon delivered her to her mother's hands with these remarkable words: "Here's your kid—now gimme a bone."

Thus we see that if the *Bell* had not given the facts as above just at the right time, that a good story would have been spoiled by Boston modesty.—*Dakota Bell*.

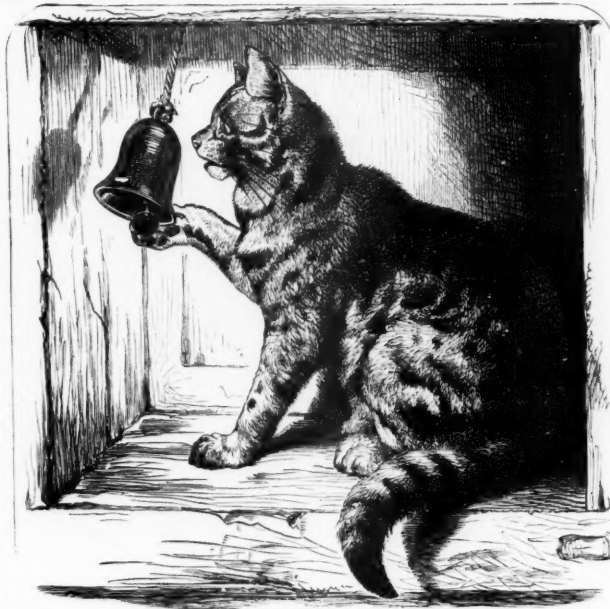
[The fact is that Boston papers tell the truth, while papers in some other cities —.]
EDITOR.

A dog belonging to John Davidson, of Newcastle, Pa., found it too cold nights out of doors, so at eleven o'clock one night he pulled the rope that rang the farm bell. The household was alarmed, but the cause of the ringing was soon apparent.

THE SPARROWS KNOW A THING OR TWO.

In Boston the sparrows know a thing or two. A lady writes that, being attracted by their noisy chattering, she watched their motions and saw a flock of them take turns in carrying a soda biscuit till they dropped it plump on the iron track of the street railroad. Then they all flew away and waited till a car passed over the cracker and ground it to crumbs, whereupon the whole flock swooped down and made a good breakfast. Some people advise poisoning the sparrows. It is very dangerous. *Other birds or animals may eat the poison, or the poisoned sparrows.* It would not be surprising at any time to find a string of poisoned sparrows in the market.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voiced care.



HOW THE CAT GOT HER BREAKFAST.

ONE CAT TOO MANY.

WE had a fine large yellow cat,
And a lovely tortoise-shell,
And a pretty Maltese kitten that
Played all day long with Bell.
And then there was poor Black-and-white
With her one timid kit.
But in the whole broad house was found
No room for her and it.

The yellow cat on the gate-post sat
And blinked adown the street.
The tortoise-shell on a silken mat
Slept at Aunt Phoebe's feet.
The Maltese kitten ran and played
And climbed in papa's boot.
But Black-and-white was in the way
And always under foot.

So one dark night, shut in a bag,
She and her kit were sent
On a long road, three miles or more,
To good old Mistress Brent.
Whose house was filled with rats and mice,
But not one kit or cat.
In all the world what better place
For Black-and-white than that?

But ere the daybreak, at our door,
Wet with the dews of night,
With her tired kitten at her side,
Miauwed poor Black-and-white.
For she, through all the cold and dark,
Poor, homeless, homesick cat,
Had travelled for her love of us
A long, rough road like that.

And now she shall not go again,
But in our barn shall stay.
And purr and sleep and make deep nests
In the warm, fragrant hay.
Her kitten shall grow sleek and fat,
And every morn and night
I'll carry milk and speak kind words
To our good Black-and-white.

—Mary L. B. Branch.

A ROOK LAWSUIT.

This bird is not very well known in America, because he is an English bird. But he is very much like the crow, which our farmer boys know so well.

Rooks live in colonies, many thousands going off together and building their nests in the tops of neighboring trees. In these bird-towns, or rookeries, there seem to be certain laws which all the birds understand and obey. One of these laws is that no rook shall build a nest within the limits of the town except those born there; and another forbids the young rooks going out of the town to build. If any bird disobeys these laws, the other birds promptly tear down his nest and drive him back to his native town.

They are also said to hold courts for the trial of offenders. The birds assemble upon a few trees, the guilty one sitting by himself, with drooping head; and after much croaking and flying hither and thither, which we may imagine

is their way of examining the witnesses, and hearing the pleas of advocates, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, the birds fall upon the culprit, and execute the sentence of death, or whatever the penalty may be.

NEW YORK DOGS.

ALLAN FORMAN, in *Fargo Argus*.

The back door of Daly's Theatre is guarded by a magnificent Saint Bernard, Pique by name, who is the terror of stage-door mashers. He will allow people to go in, but woe to the man or woman who tries to leave by the stage door with a bundle unless Owen, the door-keeper, is there to see that all is right. A story is told of an unfortunate member of the orchestra who tried to carry home his bass drum. Pique set upon him and he was only able to escape by smashing the drum over the dog's head and running while the beast was trying to extricate himself from the drum. Mr. Daly's street companion is a phenomenally ugly brindled bull dog, as good natured as it is homely. But he is worth two hundred dollars.

Mr. Lester Wallack is accompanied in his promenades by a very large Saint Bernard which is, if possible, more dignified than his master. He follows the veteran actor with a comical air of proprietorship, and assumes a very *blase* air when Mr. Wallack stops to speak to a friend. Mr. Wallack's huge pet is valued at five thousand dollars. Mr. James Lewis, the comedian, exercises a red Irish setter with hair as fine as silk and a pedigree which covers several pages of foolscap. It is valued at two hundred dollars. Arthur Wallack has a pair of Scotch collies which cost him five hundred dollars to import. Harry Dixey owns a two hundred and fifty dollar mastiff. But I might extend the list indefinitely. Pets are the rage, and when such prices are paid for them it is not, perhaps, wonderful that they are sometimes buried as befits their value.

THE last rows of summer—those taken on the lake just before leaving for town.—*Boston Post*.

"THE PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR."

There is a little creature sails the ocean that is as well known to mariners, as the North star, and which is distinguished both by the boldness of its seamanship and by the great beauty of its person.

Sailors call it the Portuguese man-o'-war. It most abounds in the great belt of water southward and westward of the Azores or Western Islands. It is one of the large family of sea-nettle, so called on account of the stinging sensation it imparts to the skin when it comes in contact with it.

The cause which produces this stinging is in the provision God has made for its protection.

Concealed in the tubes of its feelers, is an acrid substance which it ejects at will.

Seen on the surface of the water it looks like a semi-transparent bladder, about six to ten inches long at the water's edge, its form upwards being that of a quadrant of a circle.

This quadrant is generally of a whitish blue color, fringed at the edge with beautiful and delicate pink, or not unfrequently with ultramarine blue.

The quadrant is of a membranous character, and looks like a shell, for which it is often mistaken; its sides are somewhat compressed, and descend from a narrow apex to a base ranging from two to four inches in breadth. They are also wrinkled or ribbed, to allow of a reduction of sail at will—for the membranous quadrant is a sail, and being exposed to the wind, seems to drive its owner along faster than the fleetest yacht.

Below the surface of the water, the Portuguese man-o'-war consists of a bundle of brown feelers and tubes, that look like so many roots. Some of these act as feelers, or look-outs to guard from harmful cruisers of the fish kind; others serve to seize the prey required for its sustenance; and others as grapples or anchors, by which it can fasten itself to any object.

In the large specimens these roots stretch far below the surface of the water.

Whenever the weather is too rough to allow of its continuing its course without danger, or when an enemy too powerful to be fought heaves in sight, the singular creature lays its sail flat on the water, quickly furls it, lets out the air in the bladder which acts as a float, and sinks rapidly down to depths where the curiosity of man cannot follow.

As a rule it is only in fine weather that Portuguese men-o'-war are seen. They may be seen on occasions sailing in large convoys, the most picturesque little craft on the face of the whole ocean.

At night they are prepared with warning signals to other navigators, for by a beautiful provision of their Maker, they are enabled to make the whole of their sail luminous with a phosphorescent light which appears like that of the glow-worm.

Richard Ligon says: "I have seen them five hundred leagues from any land. They have the advantage of any ship that ever sailed, for they can go nearer the wind by a point than any frigate. In the greatest tempest they never fear drowning. Compass or card they need not, for they are never out of their way, and whether their voyage be for pleasure or profit, 'no man can know.'"

A YOUNG clerk was shut six hours in a refrigerator the other day by accident. When at last released, he said he felt as though he had been attending a sociable at a fashionable church.

FEATHERED FIGHTERS.

The biggest boys are not always the best fighters. And so it is with birds. The tiniest of all birds, our own beautiful little humming-bird, is as doughty a warrior as any in the whole feathered family, and has more than once been known to engage in single combat with the eagle. It is very much such a fight as a hornet makes with a boy. If the boy could get the hornet to remain still long enough he could kill it. So the eagle could make short work of the humming-bird if the little creature would only be a little less quick; but it will not, and consequently the eagle follows the example of the boy, and runs.

The humming-bird, however, does not fight for the mere sake of fighting. The king-bird does. It is not much larger than the English sparrow, but it is very swift in flight, and seems to have perfect control of its movements in the air. Big birds, like eagles, hawks and crows have no chance at all in an encounter with a king-bird, and the little fellow knows that fact so well that he frequently goes out of his way to torment one of them.

Even the king-bird, however, must make way for the purple martin, which for courage and swiftness has no superior among birds. In its strongest flight the eagle can find no escape from the purple martin, which plays about the big bird with as much seeming ease as if it were motionless. Fortunately, the purple martin is not such a bully as the king-bird, or the feathered world would be less peaceful than it is.

One of the oddest among the fighting birds is a South American bird called the chauna, a shy, peace-loving creature, with such a modest appearance that a stranger would never suspect it of being such a good and ready fighter. Besides a sharp beak, it has spurs, not only on its legs but on its wings as well, and it makes such good use of all its weapons that no bird smaller than an eagle has any chance against it. All through South America this bird has been domesticated, and is kept with chickens to protect them from hawks; and it does its work well.

Another odd fighter is the secretary bird of Africa, which looks like a crane with a vulture's head. It never seeks a row with anything but a snake. That reptile, however, it can never see without attacking it; and its skill is such that it always comes off victor, no matter how large or how poisonous the snake.

Like the chauna, it makes a good poultry-yard police, and has been imported from Africa to the West Indies to serve that purpose. Its chief use is to keep away snakes and rats, but it also drives off all other depredators. Moreover, it keeps the peace in the yard. If a pair of ambitious roosters undertake to have a fight, the secretary bird steps between them, and gives one or both a drubbing. Sometimes even it teaches a particularly pugnacious rooster a severe lesson by eating him up.—By JOHN R. CORYELL, in *Golden Days*.

GRANDPA'S BARN.

O, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn.
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,

And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
And the hens are busily looking around,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

* * * * *

—Mary D. Brine.

GRANT.

Grant was a truth teller. As a boy he hated fibs, and learned to be exact in his statements. His father once sent him to buy a horse, authorizing him to offer \$50, and if that should be refused, \$60. He told the owner what his father said. Of course the owner expected \$60 for his horse, but the boy refused to give more than \$50, and obtained the horse.

He tenderly cherished the associations of home. His father and mother he never ceased to reverence and love. When President, he valued their regard and approval. As children came along he took them to his heart. His sons were his companions and his daughter the idol of the house. For the wife of his youth and manhood he cherished a pure, tender affection. When he was in Pompeii, the guide offered to admit him to a building without the ladies. "I am much obliged to you," he said, "but I must respectfully inform you that I never go where I cannot take my wife."

Such was America's citizen and soldier, who, on the banks of the Hudson, waits the hour when, with loving hands, this cherished wife shall be laid by his side in the great sleep of death.

—DAVID SHERMAN, in *Zion's Herald*.

MRS. PICKERING'S PET.

While making a call one day this week on Mrs. J. F. Pickering, we saw one of the most amusing as well as wonderful birds it has ever been our lot to see. The bird is one which Mrs. Pickering got while at the mountains last summer. It is what is called by some a goldfinch, but I always hear them called yellow birds. While out walking she found it where it had fallen from its nest. Being too young to fly, she took it up and carried it home with her, and as she told us, would not part with it for \$1000 in gold.

The bird is so tame that it is given the freedom of the house night and day. Every morning about sunrise it flies to Mrs. Pickering's room and lights upon her face, picking at her ear or hair until it awakes her. It then perches upon the window and sings away for dear life until, as she says, it is impossible for her to go to sleep again. When about the house it will follow her from room to room, generally lighting upon her shoulder. While I was there she left the room, closing the door behind her, so that the bird could not follow. It called after her as one bird will call another. Finally it began to cry, if there is such a thing as a bird's crying. When she returned it showed its delight in a dozen different ways. It will play almost like a kitten; in fact, it will do almost everything but talk, and will almost do that. It is well worth seeing.—*Salem Times*.

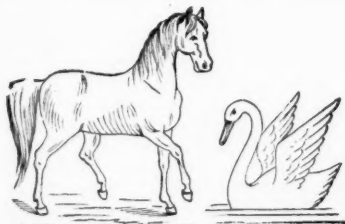
AUDUBON.

The Audubon Society is largely increasing its membership. It is good for the little boys to sign, and the little girls, too. Grown-up girls promise not to wear birds on their hats and bonnets, but it is sometimes necessary to point out to them that wings are parts of birds. The manner of catching birds for the world of fashion is cruel in the extreme. Cages are used, surrounded by tiny traps. Into these cages a female bird is put. Her plaintive call in captivity is heard by the male bird who flies to her only to be caught in one of the little traps. A knife is drawn across the tiny throat and before the breath of life is out of the little quivering body, it is skinned alive, in order to preserve its brilliant colors.—*Salem Gazette*.

AN absent-minded teacher amused her class at the reopening of school the other day. Having carefully received the names from each, she said: "I shall now call the roll, to see if you are all present."

HON. THOMAS E. HILL,

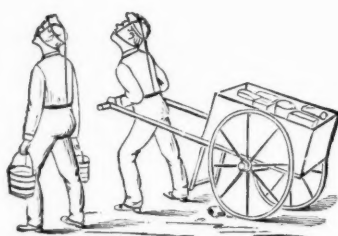
Of Chicago, has written and published a little pamphlet entitled "*Ways of Cruelty.*" It contains twenty-seven cuts, showing various kinds of cruelty inflicted upon children and animals. They are very truthful; some of them very painful. By his kind permission we give on this page nine of the best. He has kindly offered to loan us all, but we know that some of our friends object to putting into their young children's hands pictures of cruelty. The pamphlet is calculated to arouse sympathy by illustrating the various forms of abuse to children and dumb animals.



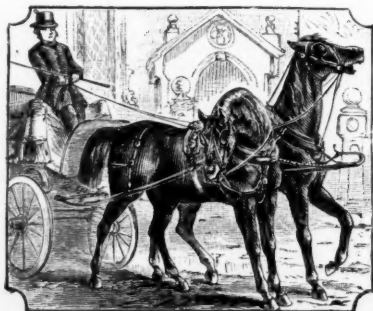
NO CHECK-REIN.



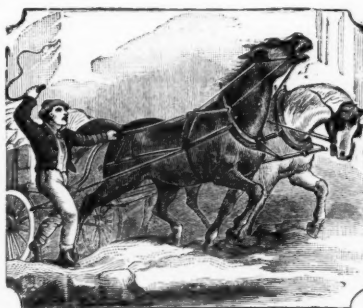
COMFORT AND DISCOMFORT.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



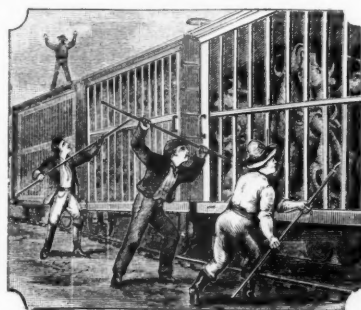
TORTURE.



TORTURE.



THE DRUNKARD'S HORSE.



KEEPING TIRED CATTLE STANDING BY USE OF SPIKE POLES.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

CRUEL MEN ARE GENERALLY BAD IN OTHER WAYS.

Some years ago, the writer was returning home early in the evening, in Boston, when he saw standing on the sidewalk a fine looking dog standing perfectly quiet, and in no way causing the least annoyance to the passers; immediately in front of me was one of our City Sextons who lifted his foot clad in a heavy shoe and swinging it back kicked the dog with all his strength; the dog sprang forward, howling, and with evidence of suffering, ran down the street. At the moment, the man turned and said to me "*I always kick a dog when I get a chance.*" Of course I represented the matter to one of the leading men of the church, and he replied: "*When his re-election comes round I will see to him;*" but he was not obliged to wait until then, for very soon after the Sexton was arrested and sent to prison for stealing.

C. E. W.



HAPPY HORSES.



NO BLINDERS NOR CHECK-REIN.

HOW TO GATHER NUTS.

In nutting time two wide awake boys had better luck than all others of the town. They went to the woods day after day, and when they returned they were sure to have a bag well filled with chestnuts. I made mental note of the fact that they carried with them a clothes-line, but what they did with it was not certain until I followed them. The boys used the line in this way: The trees would be well shaken and clubbed in the usual manner, the clothes-line in the meanwhile resting. But the finest of the nuts would still remain, for, as everybody knows, those at the ends of the branches not only are the best, but they are hardest to shake down. To get these was a stroke of genius, and the clothes-line was brought into play. The boy in the tree threw the line over a promising branch, so that the ends reached the ground. The boy on the ground made one end fast to a sapling at a suitable distance, and then, drawing the other end as taut as possible, made it also fast around the trunk of a small tree. He tugged at the line after fastening it, and then took up the slack. The bough, of course, swayed down. Then he tugged and tugged, and took up the slack again, until the line was almost as taut as a bow-string. Then he beat the line with a club as hard as he could beat, and with each clip down came the nuts. Finally, he unfastened one end and threw it over the ends of the branch, thus getting a lot of the nuts that had clung hardest. In this way the principal branches were stripped. No wonder they got a big bagful!—*Golden Days.*

"How does it happen that there are so many single women among the school teachers?" asks an inquirer. Well, it is just possible that a girl who has taught school is afraid to marry. She knows what sort of cubs men are.—*Omaha Daily World.*

MESSENGER BIRDS.

[Two young carrier pigeons recently made the trip from Detroit, Mich., to Newport, Ky., in five hours and fifty-five minutes. They are owned by Mrs. Taylor Thornton, of Newport, and are of the famous Antwerp breed. Death is the only thing to prevent their fulfilling their trust.]

Upward, swift as an arrow shot from a bended bow,
Upward, upward, and southward, the homing pigeons go.
Like brave and fearless sailors to traverse the skye's main.
Vanishing into the ether, away to their home again!

Upward, upward and onward, like motes in the silent air,
A-wing, over the blue grass country, travel the loyal pair.
Their pinions are all unfettered, but under the Tyrean dyes
Of their pretty burnished bosoms, a white-winged message lies.

Over brook, and lake, and river, away the wanderers speed.
With their "home, sweet home" before them, they know neither fear nor need;
Across the dreary forest, and over the reedy fen,
Safe from the foes of nature, safe from the range of men.

Ah! by what occult knowledge do they tread those paths of air;
What charts have they to guide them past each unfriendly snare?
No compass gives them bearings, and no guide conducts them through,
Those faithful emissaries, who travel in the blue.
How do they tell each other, each change of their winged route?
By what direct intelligence, speak they in language mute?

Is there some code of signals in every loving coo?
And do they never falter on their "rapid transit" through?

The gentle carrier pigeons!—the evening brings them home;
Petted and comforted they rest beneath their own thatched dome,
While eager eyes are reading, "In trust of Carrier-dove
Am safe and well—record their time—kisses to children—Love."

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"Hurry! hurry?" cried Brown, impatiently, "we'll be too late for church." "Oh, no dear," replied Mrs. B., buttoning her gloves, "we can't be too late. I've my new suit on."—*New York Sun.*

Young wife.—Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry Tom brought you home to dinner to-day. If he had told me you were coming I'd have had something nice, and I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat. Mr. Jones.—Now don't say a word, my dear madam. I know all about it. I take most of my meals at home.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Two Irishmen in a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the stones. After a time they came to one bearing the formula: "Sacred to the memory of," &c., and across the bottom in large letters were the words, "I still live."

"Arrah, Dennis, do ye moind that now?" said one to the other.

"Phwat's that, Tim?"

"Faix it's the ontruth there,—*I sktill live.*" Be Jabers, Dennis, if I was dead I'd own it."

BLINDS, check-reins and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off for the convenience of yourselves and the comfort of your horses. Keep the stable well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia, which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners.

LET THE LITTLE DOGS ALONE.

A man set out to walk a hundred and fifty miles. Two days later another man followed on the same road, and on the fourth day overtook the first man. The latter remarked: "This is the worst road I ever travelled. There is the greatest lot of barking little dogs I ever saw, and it has taken half my time to drive them off." "Why," said the second man, *I didn't pay any attention to them, but came right along as if they weren't there.*

[There is a good moral in the above, which it may benefit many of our readers to remember through life.—EDITOR.]

Cases Reported at Office in July.

For beating, 26; over-working and over-loading, 18; over-driving, 10; driving when lame or galled, 51; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 5; abandoning, 2; torturing, 15; driving when diseased, 7; cruelty transporting, 2; general cruelty, 32.

Total, 168.
Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 39; warnings issued, 62; not found, 12; not substantiated, 29; anonymous, 6; prosecuted, 20; convicted, 17; 1 case pending in June disposed of by conviction.
Animals taken from work, 36; horses and other animals killed, 35.

Receipts at the Society's Offices in July.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Hudson, (4 cases) \$35; Leominster, \$20; Concord, \$5; Spencer, \$5; W. Brookfield, \$10.
District Courts.—Central Worcester (2 cases), \$20; Malden, \$10.
Police Courts.—Holyoke, \$5; Lowell, (2 cases) \$25.
Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10; Brighton District, \$5.
Witness' Fees, \$10.40.
Total, \$160.40.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. C. S. Barnard, \$50; Miss H. C. Bradlee, \$20.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. F. B. Powell, C. T. Grille, A. Friend, Geo. W. Prentiss, E. C. Rodgers, R. B. Johnson, Dr. J. J. O'Connor, Wm. Skinner, T. F. Kegan, Henry Seymour Cutler Co., A. B. Tower, Holyoke Water Power Co., Beebe & Holbrook, Wm. Whiting, D. Mackintosh & Son, J. H. Tuttle, H. M. Farr, Holyoke Machine Co., L. M. Tuttle, M.D., Connor Brothers, J. S. Webber, W. Shursbury, C. H. Southworth, J. H. Appleton, Crocker Manfg Co., A. B. Wallace, N. W. Fisk.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

James Hunter & Son, D. H. Newton, John Heinritz.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Annie I. Lantz, Treasurer Rockland Band of Mercy, E. A. Ellsworth, E. C. Southworth, J. L. Burlingame, B. F. Steele, Anonymous.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Samuel Ritchie, Tuttle & Bryant, Ashman & Underwood, C. A. Darling, C. W. Billing, M. Valentine, Anonymous, W. B. Crane, H. S. Sherman, C. M. Porter, E. P. Clark, E. Howland, Dean & Wheelock, A. Witherell, F. Morrison, W. H. Wilkinson, G. F. Fowler, Dr. Donoghue, D. D. Johnson, E. E. Towne, C. J. Blackstone, G. H. Curtis, Chas. Hall, E. Trask, O. J. Hinkley, F. R. Richmond, H. L. Handy, Weaver & Shipman.
Total, \$254.00.

MISSIONARY FUND.

A Friend, \$50; Miss Georgiana Kendall, \$30; Rev. Fred H. Hedge, D. D., \$5; Miss Augusta Moore, \$3.
Total, \$88.00.

SUBSCRIBERS.

C. S. Brown, Jr., \$1.80; Mrs. L. L. Lewis, \$1.50; Miss E. E. Dunn, 25 cts.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Geo. Kinney, Sarah R. Bowles, Ellen Snow, Mrs. P. D. Crowell, Wm. Wood, Misses Hilliard,

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss M. R. Rice, Miss C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. W. R. Nimmans, David M. Dow, Miss F. L. Crane, Miss Mary L. Poland, Miss Martin. Total, \$13.65.

OTHER SUMS.

Publications sold, \$21.38; Interest, \$115; Total receipts, \$551.83.

Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Geneva, Switzerland.

German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Fourteenth Annual Report

of the Ohio State Society Prevention of

Cruelty to Children and Animals, for 1886.

Coventry, England. Thirteenth Annual Report

of the Coventry S. P. C. A., for 1886.

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